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ONE PENNY.
No. 169 Vol. IV.

CITY JACKDAW

ONE PENNY.
Feb. 7, 1879.

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(ESTABLISHED SIXTY YEARS.)

Is the best and only certain remedy ever discovered for Preserving, Strengthening, Beautifying, or Restoring the HAIR, WHISKERS, or MOUSTACHES, Preventing them from Turning Grey.

Price 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s.

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And all Chemists and Perfumers.

For Children it is invaluable, as it forms the basis of a magnificent head of hair, prevents baldness in a mature age, and obviates the use of dyes and poisonous restoratives.

Appointed by the
Lords of the
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Builders and Tuners
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Organ, Piano, and
Harmonium
Manufacturers to the
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Works: 9, Chancery
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Reeds, Bellows, Keys
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Harmoniums from
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Organs, Pianos, and
Harmoniums Tuned
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Pianos Tuned, 3s. 6d.

**BRONCHITIS!
COLDS! COUGHS!**
Cured in a few days
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**BALSAMIC
COUGH ELIXIR,**
One of the finest
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At the Depot of

**LA SOCIEDAD
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ENTRANCE:
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OPTICIANS TO THE ROYAL EYE HOSPITAL,
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Spectacles carefully Adapted to all Defects of Vision.

Artificial Eyes carefully Fitted.

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Forwarded to any Address. TEA, COFFEE, LUNCHEON, and DINNER ROOMS; Wine, Ale, Stouts, Chops, Steaks, and Sandwiches. Breakfasts, Suppers, Silver Salvers, Stands, and Epergnes supplied. **I. MAYER, 105, OLDHAM STREET.** N.B.—Bow Window,

4

THE CITY JACKDAW.

FEBRUARY 7, 1879.

ANGLO-PORTUGO OYSTERS
ARE TO BE HAD AT THE DEPOT OF
LA SOCIEDAD ANDALUZA,
DUICIE BUILDINGS,
OPPOSITE THE EXCHANGE.

EXTRACT FROM
"WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING,"

In the CITY JACKDAW, January 31st:—

That it is something wonderful how the price of oysters has recently come down in Manchester.

That the oyster dealers are not to be thanked for this.

That had it not been for la Andaluza and their excellent Anglo-Portugo oysters, we should still have to pay dear for our whistle.

That there is nothing like Free Trade, whether in cotton or oysters.

DUICIE BUILDINGS, South Side of Royal Exchange.

LLOYD, PAYNE, & AMIEL
Have the Largest Assortment of
DINING AND DRAWING ROOM CLOCKS AND BRONZES
Suitable for Presentation.

Every Description of Jewellery 15 & 18 carat Government Stamp.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Chains and Alberts. Cutlery and Electro-plate, from the very best makers.

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Established 1810.

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IS NOW SHOWING THE LATEST
PARIS NOVELTIES IN LADIES' & GENTLEMEN'S TIES, SCARFS, &c.
A Large Assortment of his Renowned
PARIS KID GLOVES.

Great Success of the Patent
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Glove Manufactory—2, RUE FAVART, PARIS.

Card of Samples of Colours and Price List of Gloves sent post free on application.

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Wholesale London, Birmingham, Sheffield, and Foreign
FANCY GOODS WAREHOUSEMEN,
JOHN BOYD & CO.,
Have REMOVED from 17 & 19, Thomas Street, to New
and More Extensive Premises, situated
MASON STREET, SWAN STREET.
WHERE AN EARLY VISIT IS SOLICITED.

GOODALL'S WORLD-RENOWNED HOUSEHOLD SPECIALITIES. A SINGLE TRIAL SOLICITED.

GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER.



The cheapest because the best, and indispensable to every household, and an inestimable boon to housewives. Makes delicious Puddings without eggs, Pastry without butter, and beautiful light bread without yeast.

Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, Chemists, etc., in 1d. Packets; 6d., 1s. 2d., and 5s. Tins.

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GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & CO., LEEDS.

GOODALL'S YORKSHIRE RELISH.



This cheap and excellent Sauce makes the plainest viands palatable, and the daintiest dishes more delicious. To Chops, Steaks, Fish, etc., it is incomparable.

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GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & CO., LEEDS.

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The best and cheapest, and most agreeable Tonic yet introduced. The best remedy known for Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, General Debility, etc., etc. Restores delicate invalids to strength and vigour.

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GOODALL'S CUSTARD POWDER.

For making delicious Custards without eggs, in less time and at half the price. Unequalled for the purposes intended. Will give the utmost satisfaction if the instructions given are implicitly followed. The proprietors entertain the greatest confidence in the article, and can recommend it to housekeepers generally, as a useful agent in the preparation of a good Custard. Give it a trial. Sold in Boxes, 6d. and 1s. each, by Grocers, Chemists, Italian Warehousemen, etc.

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JOHN ASHWORTH & CO.,
Wholesale Jewellers, Clock and Watch Manufacturers, and Importers
New Premises Corner of High Street, and Thomas Street,
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Dining and Drawing Room Clocks and Bronzes, &c.; Electro-plated Tea and Coffee Services, Cruets, Forks, Spoons, Gold and Silver Watches, 9, 15, and 18-carat Hall-marked Alberts; and a General Stock to suit the requirements of the Trade.

JAPANESE CURTAINS.—L. SMITH & CO. have just Purchased a Large Lot of these Articles at very Low Prices, and are offering them at 2/3, 3/3, 4/-, 6/-, 7/-, 8/-, 2/-, 14/-, & 30/- per pair.—6, JOHN DALTON STREET, MANCHESTER.

THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. IV.—No. 169.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1879.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE GREAT HARPURHEY CONSULTATION.

[BY OUR OWN REPORTER.]

A LARGE public meeting of the ratepayers of the effervescent township of Harpurhey was convened by the overseers, and was attended by a crowd of at least fifty people, on Tuesday night, for the purpose of considering what could be done to restore the drooping spirits of the poor township.

Mr. J. F—n having been called to the chair, said that although they had had several consultations over their poor patient before, yet the doctors had greatly disagreed, and the consequence was that the arteries at the extremities of the patient's system had become so clogged up with dirt, and were in such a really filthy condition, that it was time something was done. Its present condition became no better for keeping, and he would thank someone to suggest a cheap and an effective method of changing their course of treatment.

Mr. J. F—x said that the question of expense had never been fairly gone into, but the cost of putting Harpurhey under the effective treatment of the celebrated Dr. Manchester had been greatly over-rated. He then went into sundry details in proof of his statement, and showed that an actual saving would accrue therefrom, as the opponents of that plan should not only look at the present bills they had to pay, but also upon those they would have to pay when the patient became so bad under the present treatment that extreme measures would have to be resorted to, in order to restore health to the system of the poor township. Of course, the Prestwich doctors would still remain in attendance, but the most essential requisites to their patient were light, water, and good cleansing, and Dr. Manchester could provide these cheaper and better than any other physician or body of physicians; he moved, therefore, that Harpurhey should be committed to the Doctor's care.

Mr. L—nc—sh—re said that the last speaker had no right to move anything until somebody else had had some say in the matter. They ought to be very careful, as money was very scarce, and everybody were now going for soup and loaves; they could not afford to pay expensive doctors, their present attendants, the Rural Sanitary Doctors, were good enough for all they wanted. It was quite true that these doctors had not yet received their full diplomas, but no doubt these would be obtained in due time, and in the meantime it did not much matter if the patient got better or worse. He then amused the company with a number of arithmetical problems, which were quite foreign to the matter in hand, and concluded by moving an amendment to the effect that Harpurhey had better remain dirty than change its system.

Mr. J. B—rg—ss agreed perfectly with every line of Mr. L—nc—sh—re's arithmetic, but did not see its bearing upon his amendment. Dr. Manchester was a remarkably pleasant and obliging physician, and was very fond of poor Harpurhey, so, therefore, would take very kindly to it. He had often been twitted by a set of ignoramuses with seeking to obtain a situation under Dr. Manchester through his advocacy of him here, but that was all nonsense, he had no other motive than that of the patient's good and perfect restoration, especially in those parts which had been so badly spoiled by "jerry" patching, and he thought that a check should be put upon all such paltry work. He, therefore, seconded Mr. F—x's motion that Dr. Manchester should be called in.

Mr. S—n—rd wanted to know why the Rural Sanitary Doctors did not open their mouths and demand their diplomas. He didn't believe in Dr. Manchester coming and taking their money out of their pockets if they could cure Harpurhey themselves. If Mr. F—x had got to the dirtiest part of the poor township, and couldn't get it cleaned, he had better try to find out the way. He had cured his part twenty years ago,

and it was as good as ever yet. He should second Mr. L—nc—sh—re's amendment.

Mr. B—rg—ss would have nothing to do with Mr. Sh—ph—rd's cures; let other people look after them.

The CHAIRMAN said if Dr. Manchester came he wouldn't let either Mr. Sh—ph—rd or any other man do any quack-doctoring, but would see that all was done right.

Mr. Ogd—n said he was one of the Rural Sanitary Doctors, and explained their system of treatment.

Mr. B—rg—ss said they had too extensive a practice, and one man could not do all the visiting.

Mr. Ogd—n said that he could do a great deal more.

Mr. W—t—h—d thought that they must have more money than they knew how to spend, or they wouldn't engage Dr. Manchester.

Mr. L—w—ll—n said it was a shame to attempt to put their poor patient into any more misery, and if Mr. F—x thought that Dr. Manchester would work cheap, he was grievously mistaken. He thought Harpurhey was healthy enough, and Dr. Manchester had a nurse, named Dolly Varden, who would be sent to cause a lot of annoyance. By calling in Dr. Manchester they would only put their necks in a noose. They were like the frogs in the fable, their King Log was harmless enough, but if they changed him for King Stork, they would only be the sufferers.

Mr. ARN—ld then made an attempt to sit upon Mr. Fox, which resulted in a great failure.

Mr. W—lk—r said that Dr. Manchester was the best physician in the world; he would do everything, and give everybody long credit; in fact, he was the most generous party alive, and very seldom ever asked for his bill.

[Note by P. D.: I think as how it's not Mr. B—rg—ss who's kidding for a situation at Dr. Manchester's, but Mr. W—lk—r.]

Mr. G. ALL—n was sorry to see them getting excited. He never did so, although he had eight of a family, and he thought if people preferred dirty places it was their own fault. He should support Mr. L—nc—sh—re.

Mr. L—w—ll—n wanted to answer Mr. W—lk—r.

Mr. W—lk—r said if he did he'd answer back.

The CHAIRMAN stopped them both.

Mr. J—n—s had waited to the last because he was a very young man, and didn't like to talk before his elders. He was not going to follow Mr. L—w—ll—n into Frogland, nor Mr. L—nc—sh—re into arithmetic, but what was worth doing was worth doing well, and so he would go in for a perfect cure, with Mr. F—x.

Mr. F. AND—w defended the reputation of Dr. Manchester, and told them to look what a cure he had made in Oldham Road as far as his practice extended.

Mr. W—lk—r said that they had already sent for Dr. Manchester, who had their name on his visiting list.

Mr. L—w—ll—n said the former call was not legal. Mr. W—lk—r said, "You're another." Mr. B—rg—ss said that was a legal meeting, and nobody said it wasn't. Mr. W—lk—r stuck to his point. Mr. ALL—n said he would put Mr. W—lk—r right. Mr. W—lk—r didn't believe him, and then arose babble and squabble left and right, and after a few words from Mr. W—lk—r, Mr. L—w—ll—n, Mr. W—lk—r, Mr. B—rg—ss, Mr. W—lk—r, Mr. J—cks—n, Mr. W—lk—r, Mr. L—nc—sh—re, Mr. W—lk—r, Mr. ALL—n, Mr. W—lk—r, and Mr. Ogd—n, the question was put to division, when the friends of Dr. Manchester carried their points by 30 to 19. After the division somebody wanted to adjourn the meeting for a fortnight, but upon Mr. W—lst—nh—lme attempting to get up a collection, the meeting instantly dissolved itself.

BOTHAM'S WORM CAKES

(Manufactured by Levenshulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.

A FROLIC WITH THE WATER PIPES.

(FROM THE "LIVERPOOL LIBERAL REVIEW.")

GEORGE! George! do you hear that?" My head is under the bedclothes and I hear nothing but my wife's voice, which I wish I didn't at this time of the morning—about two o'clock, I should think.

"George! are you awake?" To prove that I am not I give out a long-drawn snore, terminating in a choke. But as I do not generally snore when I am asleep I betray myself at once.

"Do you hear at what a fearful rate the water is running?" "Yes; the water rate is heavy, I am sorry to say. Wish it wasn't," I mutter from under the bedclothes.

"For goodness sake don't begin with your absurd jokes, but get up and rouse yourself. Do you hear the water?"

A sort of idiotic facetiousness seizes me, and I burst forth in the approved style of Sam Hogue's corner men

"Do you hear de lightning
Flashing ober yonder?
Do you——"

"Don't make an idiot of yourself, but get up and stop the water, or we shall be in a pretty mess. It's running in the bathroom."

"A very proper place for it to run in, my dear."

"But it's running out of the bathroom as well."

"Very wrong—of—it—to—" I drop asleep at this point.

"George! George! do you want your house washed away?" my wife shouts in my ear at the pitch of her voice.

"Certainly not, my dear," I reply, sitting bolt upright in bed. "Who is washing it away?" I have for the moment forgotten all about the above colloquy.

"I've been telling you for the last half-hour that the pipes in the bathroom have burst. Can't you hear the water running?"

I certainly can, I am bound to admit, and jump out of bed with a view to stop the flow.

"What's that?" asks my wife, as something falls to the floor with a crash.

"I rather think it's one of the chimney ornaments, my dear. I'm looking for a match."

"And can't you find a match without smashing everything in the room? They're on the washstand." My wife is losing her temper.

I grope my way to the washstand, and a cold perspiration breaks out upon me as I nearly send the ewer to share the fate of the ornament.

"It's all right, my dear," I exclaim, cheerfully. "Nothing more broken." I am shivering with the cold, which has "goosed" my flesh to such an extent that my legs are like mountain ranges. I light the gas, and to a running accompaniment from the pipes I dress.

"Do be quick, George."

"Certainly, my dear. I can't find my stockings, and I came upstairs without my slippers." After making the important discovery that you cannot, with any degree of comfort, put both your nether limbs through one leg of your trousers, I dress myself after a fashion, and sally forth, followed by my wife, who is certainly not robed à la mode.

The water is meandering gently down the stairs and winding its way gracefully along the lobby, emptying itself by various estuaries into the drawing and dining rooms.

"Oh! do make haste, George, or everything will be in ruins," exclaims my wife, almost in tears.

"Clara, whatever is the matter?" inquires the shrill voice of my wife's aunt Tabitha, who is staying with us.

"The pipes in the bathroom have burst, aunt."

"Good gracious," exclaims aunt Tabitha, and disappears into her room again, as if she was afraid that bursted pipes would have a demoralising effect upon her. Presently, however, she ventures forth and joins us.

We approach the bathroom cautiously, as if we expected every moment the pipes would pounce upon us. Aunt Tabitha brings up the rear. I advance alone to the door, through a pool of icily cold water, and entering the room immediately receive a sharp shower of water that drenches me to the skin and puts the candle out. Aunt Tabitha shoots back into her room and wants to know, through the keyhole, what I intend doing now? I tell her testily that I intend getting a light, which I do, and, armed with a hammer, I again head the procession to the bathroom. Aunt Tabitha has rejoined us, and brings up the rear under cover of an umbrella.

The water has washed away some of the mortar from the wall, exposing the burst pipe, which is having a fine time of it. I get to windward of the shower, and, poising the hammer with the utmost nicety, aim a tremendous blow at the pipe. I miss it, and bring down a large quantity of mortar.

"Can't you aim straighter than that?" asks my wife, whose teeth are chattering like the loose metal heels of a "nigger" dancer.

Again I strike, and, hitting the pipe, divert part of the stream into my eyes and down my throat. I always gape when I am excited. "Confound the thing," I exclaim, half-blinded and half-choked with the water, and aiming a vengeful blow at the pipe I send the whole force of the stream full in Aunt Tabitha's face. Aunt Tabitha gives a scream, and, dropping her umbrella, disappears from the scene as suddenly as if she had been shot from a catapult. After locking herself in her bedroom she begins to shout in the shrillest voice imaginable, "Fire!" and then shouts through the keyhole, "Clara, I leave this house to-morrow, your husband's a brute."

I lose my temper, and rain blows thick and fast upon the pipe, which in a short time is beaten almost as flat as a sixpence. Then, wet to the skin, out of temper, dejected, my wife grumbling at the confusion and disorder, my wife's aunt anathematizing me in her bedroom, I return to bed and reflect upon the blessings of jolly King Winter, and the conveniences of the modern suburban dwelling.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

WORKING men, as well as a good many who are not called working men, would do well to read the letter in Tuesday's *Examiner* signed "Luke McCabe, packer." If they do so, they will at least admire Luke's candour. This is a part of what he tells us:—"I and about fourteen of my companions were, until a short time ago, regular customers of certain public-houses in the district of Oldham Road. Our ages ranged from twenty to twenty-eight years, and our weekly earnings varied from £1. 4s. to £2. We were in the habit of visiting daily one or more of the public-houses that were our usual places of resort and companionship. We passed our time in drinking, card playing, and also as amusement called a mutual improvement judge and jury club. I may, speaking from personal experience of five or six years in this drinking companionship, say truthfully that we expended at least seventy-five per cent of our general earnings in intoxicating drinks. A stranger looking at our clothing and general appearance during this period would not have thought that we were earning fair wages, and in good situations and trades. In fact, we ceased to be respectable, or even presentable to respectable society. Besides, none of us were married, and we were entirely free from family expenses. We seldom, if ever, gave the tailor or shoemaker an order; nay, if our wages were double the amount we were receiving, we would have thought it insufficient for what we then deemed our drinking necessities, and so we were deluded day by day until we had almost ruined our constitutions. Speaking of myself, I had become almost a walking monument of rags; so much so that to keep the upper leathers and soles of my shoes together I have been compelled to tie them with pieces of twine that was lying about the warehouse where I worked as packer. Worse to me than this, it compelled me many times, through the action on the nerves, to shirk my work and lie in bed, thereby causing me to lose some very good situations, that I might have been in now if I could have attended regularly to my business. I was in debt in my lodgings and in other ways over £7. 10s. I had not even a change of clothes of any description. In fact, if I had not thrown up my drinking customs I should now surely have been an inmate of some pauper institution or troubling the Relief Committee." But in the end Luke was turned into a teetotaler through a temperance meeting in Stevenson Square. He rigged himself out comfortably and nicely, and saved so much that, although out of work since Christmas, he has managed to get on without the help either of the workhouse or the Relief Committee. No doubt some good persons will affect to be astonished when they learn that any body of Manchester working men should be such fools as to spend so much hard-won money in drink. Perhaps they would be astonished, still more, if some one moving in the higher circles would just be half as candid as Luke McCabe, and inform us what goes on amongst his refined companions. Hard as the working men may drink, there are others who drink many times harder.

DEBT BUYING & COLLECTING.—Messrs. FERRAN NEPHEW, & CO., Manchester Chambers, 46, Market Street, Manchester, PURCHASE or (for a small commission on actual receipts only) COLLECT, personally defraying all law expenses found necessary. Detailed list sent, or invitation to call, will receive immediate attention.—CASH PAID ANY WEDNESDAY.

S-S-S-STUTTER-R-RING AND S-S-S-STAMMER-R-RING.

MR. J. C. EDWARDS, of Manchester, is an excellent mimic stut-ter-er; but we question whether he could equal the Birmingham *Town Crier's* report of the Stuttering and Stammering Academy Meeting, as follows:—

THE CHAIRMAN: I b-b-beg t-to th-ank you f-for the honour y-y-you have d-d-done me in e-l-l-e-cting me ch-ch-chairman. I am very p-p-proud to be ch-ch-chosen to f-f-f-fill such an imp-p-p-ortant p-p-p-position. I know th-th-the advan-t-t-ages of s-s-such an a-ca-ca-demy as this. I used to s-s-s-s-stutter a little b-b-b-bit my s-s-self, b-b-b-b-but owing t-t-to th-the b-b-ben-e-fits of the t-t-t-training of s-s-such insti-tu-tutions as th-this, I have not only b-b-been able to cu-cu-cure my s-s-self, but also to cu-cu-cure others. I b-b-b-beg to p-p-p-pro-pose that the b-b-b-b-est th-th-thanks of the meeting be g-g-given to the m-m-m-managers of the insti-tu-tion.

MR. JONES: I r-r-r-rise to s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s—

(It is supposed that Mr. Jones intended to second the resolution, but, being unable to accomplish his object, after trying for twenty minutes, the proposition was seconded by Mr. Smith.)

MR. TOMPKINS: I have much p-p-p-pleasure in sup-p-p-p-orting the re-so-l-l-l-ution. When I used to stut-t-ter, I found it very in-con-v-v-venient, and used to g-g-get in-to all sorts of b-b-b-b-bother and an-n-noyances.

MR. JINKINS: I q-q-q-uite agree with Mr. T-T-T-Tom-pkins, st-t-t-t-tam-mering is very in-con-venient. I was three weeks once in t-t-t-trying to g-g-get to London, and ev-ev-every t-t-time I w-w-went t-t-t-to the st-at-station, I c-c-c-couldn't ask f-f-f-for my t-t-t-ticket, and had t-t-t-to g-g-g-go home ins-s-s-s-ead of g-g-g-going t-t-t-to London.

MR. ROBINSON: I ent-t-t-t-tirely ag-g-gree with Mr. J-J-J-J-Jinkins. St-t-t-t-tuttering was the c-c-c-cause of all s-s-s-sorts of m-m-m-mis-fortunes. Why, b-b-b-but for s-s-s-stuttering I sh-sh-should have b-b-b-been m-m-married b-b-b-before this. In f-f-f-fact I've b-b-b-been to ch-ch-church t-t-t-twice for the p-p-p-pur-pose, but n-n-n-never could say the r-r-r-responses, s-s-s-so had t-t-t-to come away un-m-m-married and un-d-d-done.

MR. TOMPKINS: I d-d-d-don't think that the last sp-sp-sp-speaker has m-m-m-much to c-c-complain of, and I th-th-th-think that Mr. Robinson's exp-p-p-eriences would m-m-make a g-g-g-good many p-p-p-people t-t-t-take to s-s-s-stuttering. *(Derisive cheers, and cries of "T-t-t-turn him out.")*

MR. TOMSON: I'm a m-m-m-married man, b-b-but I am inclined t-t-t-to agree with the l-l-l-last s-s-s-speaker. Un-f-f-f-fortunately I was m-m-m-married b-b-b-before I t-t-t-took to s-s-s-stuttering.

MR. JINKINS: S-s-s-stammering is a d-d-d-downright b-b-b-bad habit, b-b-b-but it's n-n-nothing b-b-b-but habit. Any man c-c-c-could c-c-cure himself if he l-l-liked. The worst part of s-s-s-stuttering is, that while one is hesi-t-t-t-tating and s-s-s-stam-mering, p-p-p-people are so p-p-p-precious f-f-f-fond of help-p-p-ping one out with a word, b-b-b-but they always g-g-g-give us the wrong one. The other day I was t-t-t-telling a f-f-f-friend that I would g-g-g-give f-f-f-f-five, and before I could s-s-s-say sh-sh-shillings, t-t-to the Relief F-f-fund, he'd cl-cl-clapped my name d-d-down for f-f-f-five p-p-p-pounds, and p-p-put it in all the p-p-p-papers.—*(Shame.)* S-s-s-stuttering is v-v-very inconvenient. The other d-d-day I had t-t-to p-p-pay s-s-s-seven sh-sh-shillings f-f-f-for not answering t-t-t-to my n-n-name at the p-p-public office. They s-s-s-say the m-m-man who hesi-tates is l-l-lost, b-b-but in our case the m-m-man who hesi-tates is f-f-fined.

MR. WILKINS: I r-r-r-rise to p-p-p-p-p-p-p-p-p-p—

(Left Stammering.)

STILL FIT FOR THE MATRIMONIAL MARKET.

A POOR fellow named Moreau, whose jaw, nose, and two eyes were carried away by the splinter of a shell at the battle of Bapaume, in Jan., 1871, has just been able to leave the Val-de-Grace and to return home to his native village, not cured but wonderfully patched up. He has a metallic mask, provided with eyes, a false nose, and dental arrangement which allows him to masticate. It appears that this unfortunate gunner before joining the Army of the North was engaged to be married. He naturally expected that after what had happened he would be rejected, but this was not the case, and Moreau has returned home to his wife.

NEXT OF KIN.

THE City Jackdaw (sage old bachelor, that he is), having read so much of Big-Amy and her husbands, in court, will thank his readers for any information as to the whereabouts of the husbands and wives of the following parties:—

Ann-Imosity.
Sal-Ubrious.
Ada-Mant.
Lu-Dicrous.

Pat-Riot.
Sam-Phire.
Jack-Anapes.
Frank-Ness.
Will-o'-the-Wisp.
Mark-Sman.

*This is not one of the Doctor's little ones.

THE OBDURATE WIDOW.

[BY A. SILLIMAN, ESQ.]

SOME time ago, a year or so,
There died a Mr. Jones,
He kept the tavern called "The Bell,"
And peace be to his bones.

His wife, poor dear, felt very queer
When Mr. J. was gone;
The neighbours said she'd soon "go off,"
But Mrs. Jones "lived on."

With grief her heart was melted, but
This widow was not old;
And when another winter came,
'Twas once more calm and cold.

With lodgers was her tavern filled,
And everything went well,
Though more than one young man had asked
Her to re-sign "The Bell."

She got fair and comely quite,
And portly, too, until
Another year came round and, faith,
It found her rounder still.

A lawyer first did woo this dame,
And praised her handsome face,
But though he went from court to court,
She soon dismissed his case.

A tailor came to change her name,
And wooed her, nothing loth,
But she explained to him that she
Could not respect his cloth.

A third came on, a tall young man,
With face both long and sallow,
His legs, like sticks, resembled wicks,
His trade was that of tallow.

Says Mrs. J. to him one day,
"My gold you want, I see;
Ne'er shall a chandler dare to hold
A candle, sir, to me."

"Now, Mrs. J., just let me say,
Your gold I'd never handle;
A game of love with you, indeed,
The game ain't worth the candle."

A seedy swell came up as well,
And all the way from town—
He was so tall and straight, but she
So quickly "bowed him down."

And now he was obliged to leave,
His bill he could not meet;
The bailiffs took him, and this swell
Did shortly reach the Fleet.

A barber came, but was denied;
The pain was deep and smarting;
He tried to laugh, but only sneezed—
Sad was the barber's parting.

The proper one proposed at length,
It was her barman, John,
So tall and straight, a heavy weight,
And he went in and won.

A lawyer first, and Jack the last,
And he the girl did win—
The lawyer afar still pleads at the bar,
And Jack still smokes within.

A FROLIC WITH THE WATER PIPES.

[FROM THE "LIVERPOOL LIBERAL REVIEW."]

GEORGE! George! do you hear that?" My head is under the bedclothes and I hear nothing but my wife's voice, which I wish I didn't at this time of the morning—about two o'clock, I should think.

"George! are you awake?" To prove that I am not I give out a long-drawn snore, terminating in a choke. But as I do not generally snore when I am asleep I betray myself at once.

"Do you hear at what a fearful rate the water is running?"

"Yes; the water rate is heavy, I am sorry to say. Wish it wasn't," I mutter from under the bedclothes.

"For goodness sake don't begin with your absurd jokes, but get up and rouse yourself. Do you hear the water?"

A sort of idiotic facetiousness seizes me, and I burst forth in the approved style of Sam Hague's corner men

"Do you hear de lightning

Flashing ober yonder?

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"Don't make an idiot of yourself, but get up and stop the water, or we shall be in a pretty mess. It's running in the bathroom."

"A very proper place for it to run in, my dear."

"But it's running out of the bathroom as well."

"Very wrong—of—it—to—" I drop asleep at this point.

"George! George! do you want your house washed away?" my wife shouts in my ear at the pitch of her voice.

"Certainly not, my dear," I reply, sitting bolt upright in bed. "Who is washing it away?" I have for the moment forgotten all about the above colloquy.

"I've been telling you for the last half-hour that the pipes in the bathroom have burst. Can't you hear the water running?"

I certainly can, I am bound to admit, and jump out of bed with a view to stop the flow.

"What's that?" asks my wife, as something falls to the floor with a crash.

"I rather think it's one of the chimney ornaments, my dear. I'm looking for a match."

"And can't you find a match without smashing everything in the room? They're on the washstand." My wife is losing her temper.

I grope my way to the washstand, and a cold perspiration breaks out upon me as I nearly send the ewer to share the fate of the ornament.

"It's all right, my dear," I exclaim, cheerfully. "Nothing more broken." I am shivering with the cold, which has "goosed" my flesh to such an extent that my legs are like mountain ranges. I light the gas, and to a running accompaniment from the pipes I dress.

"Do be quick, George."

"Certainly, my dear. I can't find my stockings, and I came upstairs without my slippers." After making the important discovery that you cannot, with any degree of comfort, put both your nether limbs through one leg of your trousers, I dress myself after a fashion, and sally forth, followed by my wife, who is certainly not robed à la mode.

The water is meandering gently down the stairs and winding its way gracefully along the lobby, emptying itself by various estuaries into the drawing and dining rooms.

"Oh! do make haste, George, or everything will be in ruins," exclaims my wife, almost in tears.

"Clara, whatever is the matter?" inquires the shrill voice of my wife's aunt Tabitha, who is staying with us.

"The pipes in the bathroom have burst, aunt."

"Good gracious," exclaims aunt Tabitha, and disappears into her room again, as if she was afraid that bursted pipes would have a demoralising effect upon her. Presently, however, she ventures forth and joins us.

We approach the bathroom cautiously, as if we expected every moment the pipes would pounce upon us. Aunt Tabitha brings up the rear. I advance alone to the door, through a pool of icily cold water, and entering the room immediately receive a sharp shower of water that drenches me to the skin and puts the candle out. Aunt Tabitha shoots back into her room and wants to know, through the keyhole, what I intend doing now? I tell her testily that I intend getting a light, which I do, and, armed with a hammer, I again head the procession to the bathroom. Aunt Tabitha has rejoined us, and brings up the rear under cover of an umbrella.

The water has washed away some of the mortar from the wall, exposing the burst pipe, which is having a fine time of it. I get to windward of the shower, and, poising the hammer with the utmost nicety, aim a tremendous blow at the pipe. I miss it, and bring down a large quantity of mortar.

"Can't you aim straighter than that?" asks my wife, whose teeth are chattering like the loose metal heels of a "nigger" dancer.

Again I strike, and, hitting the pipe, divert part of the stream into my eyes and down my throat. I always gape when I am excited. "Confound the thing," I exclaim, half-blinded and half-choked with the water, and aiming a vengeful blow at the pipe I send the whole force of the stream full in Aunt Tabitha's face. Aunt Tabitha gives a scream, and, dropping her umbrella, disappears from the scene as suddenly as if she had been shot from a catapult. After locking herself in her bedroom she begins to shout in the shrillest voice imaginable, "Fire!" and then shouts through the keyhole, "Clara, I leave this house to-morrow, your husband's a brute."

I lose my temper, and rain blows thick and fast upon the pipe, which in a short time is beaten almost as flat as a sixpence. Then, wet to the skin, out of temper, dejected, my wife grumbling at the confusion and disorder, my wife's aunt anathematizing me in her bedroom, I return to bed and reflect upon the blessings of jolly King Winter, and the conveniences of the modern suburban dwelling.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

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WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT the common hangman is likely soon to dispose of "Peace with Honour."

That for days past people completely lost their heads about Peace.

That the Dailies—especially the *Sheffield Dailies*—vied with one another as to which should have most of Peace in each succeeding number.

That the *Sheffield papers* have done what they could to bring everlasting disgrace on the Press—and all through Peace.

That many persons are pleased to speak and write of Peace as being very clever.

That any man of ordinary ability may be clever with his cleverness if he can only toss all moral considerations to the winds, as the Blackheath burglar and the Bannercross murderer did.

That, bad as he was, the women with whom he associated don't seem to have been much better.

That women generally contrive to be at the root of all evil, though in this case it is just as likely that it was Peace who led them wrong.

That some of the convict's "admirers" are inclined to believe that he will cheat Marwood yet.

That he is in such safe keeping at last that we may well drop both Marwood and Peace, in full assurance that in due course Marwood himself will drop Peace.

That the directors and manager of the City of Glasgow Bank got easily off.

That there is no comparison between their punishment and crime.

That they worked more havoc throughout Scotland than all the Rob Roys that ever lived.

That yet they escape with a few months' imprisonment.

That Justice has not enhanced her reputation by this latest freak.

That the Conservatives of Salford have been having it all their own way at the recent bye municipal elections.

That they are quite elated over the result.

That well they may be.

That the Liberals fought with their usual fairness and pluck.

That the representation of Salford went pass from the hands of the Conservatives into those of the Liberals until the latter look better after their organisation.

That almost every Liberal in the borough knows this; and yet the thing isn't done.

That it is not right to risk failure through lack of thoroughness and method.

That Mr. Gladstone has made his choice—it is to be Midlothian, not Manchester.

That we congratulate Midlothian, and condole with Manchester.

That in Manchester an easy and certain victory awaited him.

That he knew the Liberals were sure to pull off Manchester under any circumstances.

That—with the devotion and courage of a hero—he preferred to go where the issue hangs in doubt.

That the Liberal cause would obtain a substantial gain if he could only rescue Midlothian from the dominion of the Buccleuchs.

That we hope success may attend his arms.

That Dr. Pankhurst fired a bombshell into the Chamber of Commerce meeting on Monday.

That the learned gentleman thinks the Government policy is partly to blame for the dull state of trade, and he wants a Government inquiry into the whole matter.

That the *City Jackdaw* hopes he will persevere with his motion.

That if the Swallow which wanted to peek at an Ash under the Salford Oaks on Tuesday had been indulged in his praiseworthy desire the Ash would have lost a considerable quantity of bark.

That the Swallow would have done his work with all his Hart and the Ash would have looked rather Grimey.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

TRULY, the distressed and starving population, whose habitations happen to be in Trinity or Greengate Wards, in Salford, will have a heavy miss to contend with on Monday next, as will also many others who reside even outside of those, until now, highly-favoured districts, for the extensive provision which has been made for their ample relief during the last month will cease at the end of the present week. Messrs. Sutton and Staniar, whose generous hands have dealt with the hardest winter's distress which has, perhaps, ever been seen, having completed that arrangement to which we drew our readers' attention a month ago, have notified their intention of ceasing that supply at the end of this week, which they pledged themselves to continue for four weeks, and we can only say, whilst sharing with many others the regret which must be felt at its discontinuance, that they have nobly redeemed their pledge. These two gentlemen, whose ages do not average thirty years each, have, indeed, set an example to older and more wealthy firms, which, we are very sorry to observe, has not been followed. Many of those firms have, indeed, generously made offers of help; but their reply to such offers has ever been consistently the same—"You can best help us by doing as we are doing," and their offers have been always firmly but respectfully declined. During the four weeks of their ministrations to the poor and needy, they have reached a total which will exceed twenty-two thousand in number, and their premises have been daily crowded by anxious faces, not six, but seven days per week, which faces will wear an appearance of much greater anxiety in a very few days. If a young firm like this can do such wonders, in the name of Christian philanthropy, why cannot the far more wealthy ones act upon the same principle, which must be far in advance of that which has an enormous sum to pay out of its subscribed funds for working expenses, to the serious loss of that vital principle which they would so gladly do their utmost for—true relief?

The generosity of Messrs. Sutton and Staniar has not only been shown by distribution of bread and soup—about sixteen ounces of the former and one pint of the latter being given daily to every member of the distressed families—but shoes, clogs, underclothing, and coals have also been given to a large extent—clogs having been almost universally supplied to the younger branches of every family relieved. The quality of their food has been always first-class, as the premier butcher of Manchester can amply testify; and specimens of their soup have been not only sent to the principal hotel tables, but to London also.

We only should be too glad to record the resumption of this genuine charity by some other firm at the point where Messrs. Sutton and Staniar leave it, and beg to testify our sincere esteem for its promoters.

"SHENT PER SHENT."

THE reporter who accompanied the deputation to Lord Beaconsfield upon the Bankruptcy Laws, did not say whether there was anything ironical in the compliments then paid to his Lordship, but, to the outside world, the comicality of the incident must be very apparent. It was clearly owing to the Premier being a son of Israel, I should say, that he was appealed to for relief by the merchants who often figure as creditors of bankrupt estates. And who so likely to have a naturally keen scent for "moneyish" as Benjamin? "Shent per Shent" is indigenous to the Hebrew mind, so, unless a man was prepared to follow Professor Porson's example, and "damn the nature of things," one cannot object to this deputation waiting upon a Treasury Lord, concerning trade matters, who never was in business, strange as the fact may seem. Curiously enough, there was an odd commentary upon the object of that same deputation afforded by an Assize trial a few days ago. In order that there shall not appear any semblance of partisanship in these remarks, I will say, once for all, that I am a total stranger to all the parties to that suit, and, indeed, I will not name the suit, but content myself with describing it alone, and setting forth its bearing upon the Bankruptcy Law, and the general well-being of the community.

As the law now stands, a simple, straightforward man, who gets into commercial difficulties, will be sure to be clean swept out of everything in the world, except the clothes he stands up in, beds, bedding, and jewellery, even to the private trousseau of his wife, if she should have one, and, still further, to the policy upon his life, if he should have one. But, mind, my dear readers, that can only happen to the simple honest man. Your sharp man of business can turn his affairs over to a lawyer, and himself retire to the seaside or a country house, and then Dodson meets Fogg, the creditors assemble, the lawyers explain what is left for the creditors to accept, and it is accepted, with many thanks for "small mercies," and the bankrupt returns to town to resume his old business. This is a brief and popular account of a most extraordinary law, which Mr. Commissioner Phillips described as a *totally new law* that he had to learn in his old age. If he once had a practical lesson, as it may be given either as an over-punished debtor or as an over-punished creditor, he would never forget the law afterwards.

The case I refer to was of an over-punished debtor, and was detailed in court as follows: The debtor was one of those very noble characters that are unfit for this wicked world. He fulfilled the law, and followed the precepts of the prophets, but embarked when the tide was at ebb, instead of flow, and he became a bankrupt. He examined his affairs, and not knowing Lawyers' Proportion—Lawyers' Rule of Three—the debtor offered to pay 20s. in the pound at short credit, and sign over a policy upon his life for £2,000. Poor fellow! The Lawyer's charges broke his back (commercially). He struggled on against wind and tide, but few men succeed in crossing the Styx, it is held by the Devil's own, and our poor unfortunate, but brave-hearted debtor, sank and died. He had attempted the impossible, and care had killed him. The trial was the vulture's quarrel over the carcase, value £2,000.

The Judge, good easy man, full of years, honour, and experience, had the files produced in court, and appeared electrified at once. Tall pile of bills—law charges. Very tall pile of bills—law charges. Small pile—trade and family bills. Poor fellow! he died by care, through taking too much Bankruptcy Law! The Judge comprehended the situation in a moment, and cast a look below which ought to have made the pursuers' hearts melt within them. But no, they looked only for the proceeds of the life assurance policy. It is of no moment who got the verdict, the family of deceased, who needed the money, had no share of it—the trial was not in their behalf!

The essential element of this question is, that we have a Bankruptcy Law so ill-drawn that a rogue and a lawyer may practically cheat the creditors, whilst an honest man, pursued by a creditors' lawyer, may be left so destitute as to need parish relief, though the estate may have realised 150 per cent.

There certainly was room for a deputation to the Premier, and when he has settled the creditors of Turkey he will have ripe experience to enable him to settle the British creditors. Meanwhile, dear reader, if thou art honestly-minded, and in trouble by reason of a writ from a creditor, be of good cheer; go see thy lawyer at once. He can save thy life, and perhaps thy goods, for Dodson will not shoot Fogg, but if thou dost not engage thy lawyer, Fogg will surely shoot thee. Have a care! "A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse." After the hostile Fogg comes the undertaker.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

IT is some time since the *City Jackdaw* made any reference to Miss Lydia Becker and her paper, the *Women's Suffrage Journal*. For that we owe our readers an apology, especially as so much can be learned from Miss Becker and the *Journal*. In this month's number, for example, there is an article on the recent trial and acquittal of Mrs. Peace, or Mrs. Ward—the lady whom Charles Peace is pleased to call "wife." It will be remembered that she was charged at the Central Criminal Court with feloniously receiving a quantity of property the proceeds of different burglaries committed by a man whom she alleged to be her husband. She pleaded that she was the wife of the burglar, and that she was acting under his authority in dealing with the property as he directed. A consultation took place between Mr. Commissioner Kerr and Mr. Justice Hawkins on the point of law, and the Commissioner afterwards stated that Mr. Justice Hawkins concurred with him in the opinion that the charge against the prisoner could not be supported, as there was reasonable evidence to show that the prisoner was Peace's wife, and as such acted under his authority. Commenting on these facts, the *Journal* says:—"It would seem to be laid down by the highest legal authorities as a rule for wives, that the obedience that may be required of them from their husbands extends to the commission of felony, and that if they happen to have conscientious scruples of their own about the lawfulness of burglary and disposing of stolen property, they may overcome such scruples by their husband's 'authority,' which will be held to be a legal justification for their act in becoming the accomplices of their husband's crimes. We are told by Mr. Mackenzie Wallace that in some parts of Russia there is a belief that women have no souls at all, 'only vapour.' In the light of recent decisions, one would imagine that this theory had found acceptance on the judicial bench. We do not impeach the propriety of the acquittal of Mrs. Peace under the actual condition of the law which regards husband and wife as one person, and the husband as that one person. It would be manifestly unjust to enjoin upon wives the duty of obedience to husbands, and then punish them for obeying their husbands' commands. Whether this absolute subjection of one human being to the will of another is beneficial to the persons concerned or productive of good results to society is another and deeper question." This is well enough in its way; but we fancy that the number of men in England who are under the thumb of their wives is quite as great as the number of women who are under the control of their husbands. Has Miss Becker no pity left to extend towards hen-pecked husbands?

JUSTICE! IS THY NAME JUSTICE?

IT would seem that our "unjustly" much maligned friends—those "gentlemen" who so "honestly and uprightly" managed the affairs of that noble concern called the City of Glasgow Bank—must have been watched over and attended by their honoured and good (to them) lord and master, the king of the lower regions, during their late trial, or they would, assuredly, never have got off with such terribly "severe" sentences as eighteen and eight months. But we must consider what they had done to "merit" these hard sentences. Why, verily—not much! They have only irretrievably ruined a few thousands of widows and orphans, and many hundreds of men in business and out of it, who have families dependent upon them. Yea, truly, the "non"-self-interested transactions of these "good" men have spread and are still spreading ruin and desolation on right, on left, above, below, throughout the United Kingdom, and, in consequence, innocent men, women, and children have been brought to the verge of starvation. For all this "munificence" in spending about five millions of money belonging to their victims, these "angels of ruin" receive—as reward—eighteen or eight months' imprisonment! Poor Eve only stole an apple, but her punishment continues even now upon her children. With Shylock, these Judas-specimens of the Lords of Creation can say "severally" to their judges and juries: "O, thou good and upright Judge!" Had they been poor men, and had stolen the wherewithal to save their families from starving, they would (most likely) have been sentenced to penal servitude for a term of years; but they were gentlemen—then I am not. It certainly does appear as if there were one law for the rich and another for the poor, I suppose, because the dictators of our land have the parable of the "Rich man and Lazarus" before them, and therefore say that, if the poor man is to reap the "Alpha" of favours in the next world, he must put up with the "Omega" of favours in this. I trust, Dei Gratia, that this lamentable state of things may soon be altered to satisfy—True Justice.

A PATRIOT'S CALL.

OH, England, merry England—
That name was once thine own,
And echoing ages sent its sound
Through cottage, hall, and throne;
Where now is all the mirthfulness
That cheered thy dwellings fair?
Alas! those homesteads seem but now
The dwellings of despair!

Oh, England, happy England,
Once envied of the earth,
Where plenty held her bounteous sway,
And commerce had her birth;
Has plenty fled thy sea-girl land,
And commerce left thy shores,
That grim starvation howls around
Thy once-contented doors?

Oh, England, generous England,
Whose hospitable hand
Once stretched o'er earth and ocean broad
To aid a distant land;
Who pitied even fallen foes,
And broke oppression's chain,
Why now should victims sue for help,
And sue for help in vain?

Oh, England, brave old England,
Whose frown appalled the world,
Whose heroes' brows the laurel wreath
In graceful leaflets curled,
Can wreaths of gold now heroes make
In thy bright roll of fame,
By pence, subscribed from town to town
To gild a doubtful name?

Oh, England, peaceful England,
Are all the golden days
For ever fled when other lands
Sang peans in thy praise?
Has all thy peace to meddling strife
And petty slaughter turned,
To make thy once proud name despised,
And all thy counsels scorned?

Oh, England, dear old England,
From thy long trance arise,
And let thine image of the past
Before thy scorners rise!
Let not thy sun go down before
A visionary's dreams,
But show the world that life and strength
Still dwell within its beams!

COUNSEL'S CHEEK.

AS everybody knows, counsel are allowed a considerable license in the cross-examination of witnesses, and often make use of their privilege with small consideration for those with whom they have to deal. Occasionally, however, they find their match, and this appears to have been the case at the Birmingham Police Court. Two men were charged with assault, and a woman who gave evidence on behalf of the complainant was asked by the defendant's counsel how many times she herself had been summoned to the Police Court? "What's that to do with you?" replied the witness. "You must answer me, please," rejoined the counsel. "I shan't tell you if I am here till morning," retorted the witness. "You are not bound to ask me—you nasty, impudent fellow!" "How many times," repeated the counsel, "have you been summoned here?" "What a cheek you've got to ask me!" exclaimed the witness contemptuously. "I hope," said the counsel, turning to the bench, "you heard that." "What did you say, witness?" mildly asked one of the magistrates. "That he had got a good cheek," answered the witness. "I won't answer the fellow if I have to suffer death for it—a nasty, impudent thing!" Then, addressing the counsel, she added: "I wish I had got you somewhere else; I would soon tell you how many times I had been summoned. Oh, the cheek of you!" Upon this the counsel prudently gave up the contest, and the witness remained mistress of the situation. Well done, witness!

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

IDON'T say that Peace should not be hanged; but I do say that the law on the subject of murder is not all that could be wished. There was a time in the history of England when it could be said that "among the variety of actions which men are liable daily to commit, no less than one hundred and sixty are declared by Act of Parliament to be felonies, without benefit of clergy; or, in other words, to be worthy of instant death." The criminal code was substantially in that state in 1806. I may mention only a few of those offences that were at that time esteemed worthy of death. Counterfeiting coin, and refusing to take the oath of allegiance, were capital crimes. So also were smuggling, transporting wool or sheep twice out of the kingdom, stealing property above the value of twelvepence from the person, or above five shillings from a dwelling-house; stealing fish, hares, and rabbits; robbing on the highway to the value of a farthing; pulling down turnpike gates; marrying a couple except in "a church," without the license of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and making false entries in registering the same. I might occupy a large portion of space specifying other offences, now considered paltry and fully atoned for by the offender being committed to the house of correction, which were, at one time, regarded by the penal code of England as meeting their proper and righteous expiation only on the scaffold.

It was no easy matter to convince the people at the beginning of the century that, in the matter of capital punishments, their ancestors had been deceived by the teachings of a false wisdom, and that their own conduct was cruel. Even in the year 1822, the statesmen who endeavoured to restrict somewhat the death penalty were termed "enthusiasts," and their efforts in a cause so humane were strenuously opposed by "chancellor, bishop, barrister, attorney, reviewer, and obscure pamphleteer." A mournful howl was raised for the future of England if the man who had stolen an old coat, worth a few shillings, was not to lose his life by the hangman's rope! It is almost incredible the amount of indignation excited by the changes which these men desired to effect in the criminal law of England. Their opponents endeavoured to maintain their ground by arguing that it is the severity of the punishment which diminishes crime. If this be the wise and just principle upon which all criminal laws should be based, surely a state of comparative innocence must have been enjoyed in this country previous to the lessening of the number of the crimes punished by death. But the statistics of English criminal jurisprudence clearly show that such was far from being the case. It betokens a sad ignorance of human nature to imagine that the more severely the offender is punished the more will the world be bettered, and the sooner will it be reformed. A bad boy is seldom, if ever, made a good boy under the hated tuition of a despised master, who chastises severely and cruelly. A bad boy is often converted into a good one under the kindly care of an amiable teacher, who punishes justly. Just, not severe, laws receive most reverence, and may naturally be expected to command the fullest obedience. Give civilised nations *just* laws; let the cruel ones be handed over to the care of the savage.

I am not of opinion that the criminal law of Great Britain has now received its final settlement. The work in which Jeremy Bentham, Sir Samuel Romilly, and Sir James Mackintosh spent their energies, and to which some of the most eminent statesmen now alive have rendered their assistance, is not yet fully accomplished. The criminal code, notwithstanding the improvements which it has undergone during the present century, is yet a chaos of absurdities, and still too much tinged with the barbarous ideas of justice entertained by past ages. Who is to convert confusion into order, darkness into light, cruel and just laws into humane and just ones, and the penal code, which was a scandal to the civilization of the first half of the nineteenth century, into an ornament of its later years? Even Paley, the archdeacon, could characterise these laws as they existed in his time, as a "mild and cautious system." But a nation on the onward and upward path covers a great distance in the course of a few decades.

ASSURANCE.

BENEATH the Club where jovial Tories meet,
Proud to recount each latest Jingo feat,
One sees inscribed, unless one's very heedless,
"Assurance Company!" Comment is needless.

CONCERNING KISSING.

[BY G. M.]

"Kiss me, sweet! the wary lover
Can your favours keep and cover,
When the common courting jay
All your bounties will betray.
Kiss again; no creature comes;
Kiss, and store up wealthy sums
On my lips, thus hardly sunder'd,
While you breathe. First give a hundred,
Then a thousand, then another
Hundred, then unto the other
Add a thousand."

O writes Ben Jonson; or rather, so has he written. Who that has read these lines does not at once throw himself or herself back in his or her seat, and exclaim loudly with a startling guffaw, or whisper in silence with a placid smile, in the words inscribed on their author's tomb, "Oh! rare Ben Jonson!" Let me see; "a hundred," "a thousand," "another hundred," to these "add a thousand" more. Great sums these, and really astounding when employed to express the number of "kisses" one "desires!"

Would that I could get hold of some clever banker's clerk (whose upper lip, of course, is covered with a crop indicative of the wonderful degree of perfection which the art of *forcing* cultivation has attained in these days) to sum up these numbers quickly and correctly. Not but that I might manage it myself; but then, I am not over quick at that sort of work, and, what is worse, I am apt to commit some blunder. Perhaps, though not at all possible if you believe him, that young clerk there, with the greasy hair and the non-self-supporting, mirth-provoking moustache, might make an error, too. There is a difference between his case and mine, however; and here it is: the committing a mistake on his part would not affect him in the least, never crimson his pale-white cheeks a bit; whereas, if I were to make a blunder I would thereby be thrown into a state which, in all likelihood, would continue for—but, really, let me try to do what has caused this wearisome digression (for which, compassionate reader, I crave your pardon), namely, the working of that interesting sum which Ben Jonson has so kindly given to be wrought by—those who desire. Does the sum of the kisses which were to be given really amount to two thousand and two hundred? Twenty-two hundred kisses! Fair reader, do you envy her to whom the request was made, to join her lips these many times with his who made the request? And do you wish in your loving heart that *someone* would some day, or some evening, have the good sense and the boldness to make just a similar proposal to you? Well, I can scarcely think that you do, notwithstanding all that common report says about the insatiableness of the desire of your sex for —. What I would like to say is, that though you may think of such a thing betimes, yet in your more sober moments you would but laugh at the very idea. At all events, I would advise a young gentleman requesting such a thing of a young lady to be certain he has found his way to her heart, and that a kind of bewilderment, and spirit of compliance, reign there—that is, if he has no desire to be laughed at, or to hear the words tinkling in his ears—"O dear; no, no!"

Well, great as the "rare" poet's demand may be when considered by itself, it dwindles into the most despicable insignificance in comparison with the resolution of another poet, George Wither, who, in a *Sonnet upon a Stolen Kiss*, tells of being tempted to take "one poor kiss," "from those two melting rubies," unto which "free access" is granted—

"Now (that) gentle sleep hath closed up those eyes
Which, waking, kept my boldest thoughts in awe."

He is somewhat frightened, however, that "she may wake, and therewith angry grow;" but should such a "crisis" happen he is fully prepared for it, for he says—

"Well, if she do, I'll back restore that one,
And twenty hundred thousand more for loan!"

O "rare Ben," unfortunate George, and all ye myriads of the same fraternity, what "liberties" in thought and expression do ye claim for yourselves, and how passively, if not willingly, is that claim allowed to be substantiated!

Admitting this to be the right of poets in writing poetry, it does not therefore follow that liberties above what are granted to other men are to be conceded to them in everything—in the matter of kissing, for instance. It is for you, fair reader, and for such as you, to say whether or not

kisses are to be given away by the twenty hundred thousands. Bear with me while I give one or two statistics, based on this huge number of kisses. Take the case of a man who lives all the time allotted to humanity in this world, and suppose that he does not commence to take kisses before he reaches his fifteenth year, (which, surely, is a very reasonable time,) and for each day, except the Sundays, of the remaining fifty-five years of his life, he would require, in order to overtake the whole "twenty hundred thousand," to take about *one hundred and twenty* kisses! In connection with this, take a theory which Byron has expressed somewhere, and which, so far as I remember, runs thus:—

"For, I think, a kiss's strength
Must be measur'd by its length;"

and you will see that, apart altogether from any consideration but that of economising time, the demand (the examination of which has taken up so much of my precious time!) is most ridiculous, and more so still would be the compliance with the request!

A very matter-of-fact mortal am I—sometimes, at all events, just like other people, I suppose—so how can I, in these unpoetic moments, receive otherwise than with a laugh or sneer the affected metaphors and conceits in which poets have indulged when writing love verses—describing the "ruby lips" of their mistresses, or arguing that a "kiss's strength" is in exact ratio to the "length" thereof? Were these verses coming to my recollection when I was in a less serious mood, they would, if not all the more ridiculous, very likely be regarded as possessing great beauty, much pith, and a wonderful degree of naturalness! and they would be contemplated and repeated again and yet once more, for—who can tell how long? So it is with me, gentle reader; and I judge that in your case it is not much otherwise, for "every human heart is human," as Longfellow has said, with not less beauty than truth.

Of the best of these amorous verses to which I have been alluding, the following of Robert Herrick's may be given first:

"Some asked me where the rubies grew,
And nothing did I say,
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia."

The same great poet, again expatiating on the same subject, says, with real beauty:—

"Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones—come and buy;
If so be you ask me where
They do grow, I answer, There,
Where my Julia's lips do smile—
There's the land, or cherry-isle,
Whose plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow."

That Herrick borrowed the principal idea in the above from Spenser I am not bold enough to affirm. There is no justice in charging an author with plagiarism or want of originality merely because he gives utterance to some sentiment which has been expressed by some other, even though it bear a striking resemblance to the following line from the "Epithalamion" of Spenser:—

"Her lips like cherries, charming men to bite!"

Robert Burns' short poem, entitled, "To a Kiss," has not been surpassed by anything that man ever wrote on the same subject. This poem is so full of beauties, literally crammed with them, and seems to be so often lost sight of amidst the larger and more striking productions of the same author, that I am sure it will give displeasure to none to subjoin it here entire:—

"Humid seal of soft affection,
Tenderest pledge of future bliss,
Dearest tie of young connection,
Love's first snowdrop—virgin kiss!"

"Speaking silence, dumb confession,
Passion's birth and infant's play;
Dove-like fondness, chaste concession,
Glowing dawn of brighter day!"

"Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action
When lingering lips no more must join:
What words can ever speak affection
So thrilling and sincere as thine?"

What soul-moving pathos, what choice beauty of language, what aptness, abundance, and variety of illustration, are contained in these twelve lines! Read them over and over again; study each separate idea in them by itself, and you cannot fail to recognise the master touch of one of

Nature's truest poets:—"Speaking silence!"—"Dumb confession!"—these expressions, and others similar to these, suggest to one the existence of true love, with two affectionate hearts, loving glances, fond embraces, solemn vows, throbbing hearts, and heavy "sighs, the deeper for suppression!" This cannot be any other than true poetry.

That there is a reason for everything is too generally admitted to require me to argue here that this, at all events, is the case regarding kissing. I discover, then, that all kissing is the effect of either of two causes. The one reason is the utter absence in the two concerned of anything interesting to communicate or talk about, and then they draw close together, passing the time pleasantly (?) by kissing each other most savagely—

"Ilk smack still did crack still,
Just like a cadger's whip."

I fear that this is the more general reason. In the other instance kissing is the result of the loving two having too much to say; their souls are too full with thoughts, caused, perhaps, by their being about to separate for a time; or, it may be, by the ardour and strength of the love which the one entertains for the other; they cannot give utterance to their feelings—their tongues absolutely refusing service the while—and so their lips are joined; then follow the "speaking silence, and dumb confessions!"

WHISKY HOT.

A PITCHED battle has taken place in Nashville county, Tennessee, between a body of illicit distillers, known as "moonshiners," and a force of revenue men, who were making a raid on illicit stills. There were between forty and fifty men on each side, the "moonshiners" being led by Morgan, an outlaw in the county. The fight was commenced in the evening, and went on with stubborn ferocity until darkness set in. The battle was resumed on the following morning, and the revenue men were eventually compelled to retire. Both parties lost twelve in killed and several in wounded. Morgan is a notorious outlaw, and has led similar attacks on previous occasions.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

DR. KENEALY is of opinion that there are only two independent men in the House of Commons. Their names are Kenealy and Roebuck. If that is so, nobody would like to see the number of "independent" members increased.

WE are always ready to speak in terms of unqualified approval of a good thing well applied. One of those good things is the soup kitchen which was started a short time ago by a few gentlemen in Harpurhey. It has been productive of immense results, and the call for subscriptions has been well responded to, and as there is no charge for expenses (all the labour being voluntary) the funds reach their legitimate object. At the same time their system of working the funds for the greatest benefit of the distressed is unsurpassed anywhere, either in Manchester or its neighbourhood.

WOULD you believe it? The holy Tories who constitute the majority in Salford Town Council wont allow the Free Libraries and Museums to be opened on Sundays because one or two attendants would have to be present. For all that, about one hundred and twenty men are employed every Sunday in the Corporation Gasworks. Oh! these consistent Conservatives!

WHILE Thomas Carlyle was one morning taking his customary walk, a well-dressed man approached him and said: "Are you really the great Thomas Carlyle, author of the 'French Revolution?'" "I am Thomas Carlyle," was the reply, "and I have written a history of the French Revolution." "Indeed! pray pardon a stranger for speaking to you, but I was so anxious to have a look at you." "Look on, man," quoth the philosopher, impatiently, as he resumed his walk. "Look on; it will do me no harm and you no good."

MR. COUNCILLOR SCHOFIELD states that the extra cost of clearing the streets of snow during the recent storm was £3,000. Our Printer's Devil swears there was precious little to show for the money; even the Infirmary esplanade was left in a mess.

To be a member of Parliament is not in every respect a desirable thing. When Macanlay was member for Edinburgh, he was asked for a subscription to the annual race meeting. He replied: "In the first place I am not sure that the object is a good one; in the next place I am clear that by giving money for such an object, in obedience to such a summons, I should completely change the whole character of my connection with Edinburgh. These were not the conditions upon which I undertook to represent Edinburgh. In return for your generous confidence I offer faithful Parliamentary service, and nothing more."

A WELL-KNOWN firm of Birmingham manufacturers has received the following inquiry from a Turkish house:—"One of my customers is in want of a 'dog-skinning' machine. You have probably seen or known such a thing. Through this machine holding the dogs, when still alive, in a few minutes the skin is off them, and the dogs also killed thus, without giving them much torture. Please send drawings and lowest prices, &c." What amiable creatures are these Turks, our friends!

EVEN the *Times* nods at times, as witness the following recent paragraph: "In the report of a case at the Chelmsford Assizes on January 22, in which a Post-office clerk was convicted of theft, the name of the committing magistrate—Edward Francis Gepp—appeared by mistake in the place of that of the prisoner, William Hudson."

A WAR correspondent of the *Daily News* writes:—"Jellalabad may be about half-a-mile in length. It has a mud wall all round, which is in a very ragged condition, and may be the result of time or of earthquakes, for we know that a very severe earthquake almost utterly destroyed the defences of Sir Robert Sale when he had the enemy in front of him." What was the result of time or of earthquakes? Evidently the "mud wall," according to the correspondent. Earthquakes are not always so obliging and useful.

THIS is from a daily contemporary:—"We receive many questions which are not easy to answer, and we manage to get through them; but the following, which came to hand yesterday, fairly beats us:—'If a person has to pay income tax, what is his stated salary if he is a hosier and haberdasher?'"

"You have some fine turkeys this morning, poulterer." "Yes, sir; all fresh from Norfolk to-day." "What is the price?" "You can take your choice, sir. I have them at all prices." "Well, I want to give my boys a treat; but I do not want them to be too tender. There are a dozen here—pick out four of the toughest." The poulterer obeyed. "Here, sir, you have four of the toughest birds in my shop." "Thank you," said the schoolmaster; "I'll take the other eight."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Believing that many doubts might be removed and much useful instruction communicated under this heading, we have, after careful consideration and momentous meditation, made up our minds to comply with the claims of our correspondents in this respect, and, by begging, borrowing, and stealing, to answer any and every question, whether it relates to things on the earth, things above the earth, or things beneath the earth.

- "L. R."—Certainly.
- "S. B."—We think not.
- "W. C."—Consult a lawyer.
- "D. L. S."—The joke is unfathomable.
- "Liberal."—We cannot say. Time will tell.
- "W. J."—Last year the income and property tax was 3d. in the pound; this year it is 5d.
- "Chit Chat."—An apprentice must, after his indentures have expired, make up time lost by his own neglect.
- "Eccleball."—The father does not appear to have any claim; you had better instruct a lawyer to act for you.
- "Yokohama."—A person on coming of age is not responsible for any debt which he contracted as a minor.
- "Anxious."—A person not interested in a will has no right to claim any information concerning it from the executors.
- "Sportsman."—Partridges or pheasants may be shot on the first of February; this "day of grace" is allowed.
- "B. M."—Mrs. Dyson came voluntarily from America as a witness against Peace. There was no power to compel her to come.
- "E. J. T."—The average of English families is something under five persons. See the Registrar-General's annual reports.
- "F. H."—(1) A Member of Parliament is not exempt from any taxes. (2) The keeper of a pack of hounds is charged a compound amount for the pack.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw* 51, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

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THE CITY JACKDAW.

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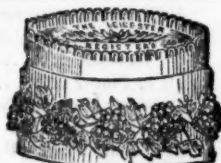
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it to the various markets for which they have
just as farmers take their Brandy to market
with each other in their endeavours to get a
name for quality; and each acts on his judgment
in selling, some selling at once, some preferring
to hold over and sell it when old, and some doing
both. A great quantity of each year's produce is
purchased in this country and brought over at
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to suppose that because Brandy is bottled in
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fore better or older than what respectable
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as that which comes in cask, and, as a rule, it is
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